As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and cranies of the place,
The wind warres with his torch, to make him ſtaie,
And blowes the ſmoake of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe.
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he ſpies
LVCRECIAS gloue, wherein her needle ſticks,
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.
As who ſhould ſay, this gloue to wanton trickes
Is not inur'd; returne againe in haſt,
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſſe ornaments are chaſt.

But all theſe poore forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt ſence conſters their deniall:
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,
He takes for accidentall things of triall.
Or as thoſe bars which ſtop the hourely diall,
VVho with a lingring ſtaie his courſe doth let,
Till euerie minute payes the howre his debt.

So

So ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the
Like little froſts that ſometime threat
To ad a more reioyſing to the prime,
And giue the ſneaped birds more cau
Pain payes the income of ech preciou
Huge rocks, high winds, ſtrong pir
The marchant feares, ere rich at h

Now is he come vnto the chamber d
That ſhuts him from the Heauen of hi
VVhich with a yeelding latch, and wi
Hath bard him from the bleſſed thing
So from himſelfe impiety hath wroug
That for his pray to pray he doth b
As if the Heauens ſhould countena

But in the midſt of his vnfruitfull pray
Hauing ſolicited th'eternall power,
That his foule thoughts might cõpaſſ
And they would ſtand auſpicious to th
Euen there he ſtarts, quoth he, I muſt
The powers to whom I pray abhor
How can they then aſſiſt me in the a